

# AN EASTER HAT — and — PEGGY BY AGNES G. BROGAN

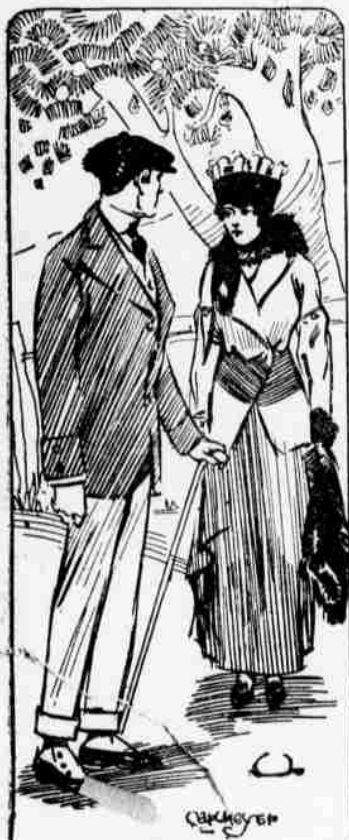
[Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.]

"MY dear," said mother, "you really must have a new hat for Easter: your old one has grown so shabby."

Peggy ruefully surveyed the dilapidated gray felt, which had weathered many gales. "I had thought of that," she replied, "and goodness knows I have been economical enough to earn the reward of my many sacrifices. You cannot appreciate, mother, the delight unspeakable of possessing an entire new hat. Heretofore it has usually been a new shape with an old flower or the reverse. This Easter hat must be a 'scrumptious' one."

Peggy folded dimpled arms beneath the wavy knot of her hair as she drew the alluring picture. "Gray straw, mother, for I must still wear my old gray suit, but faced with pink the hat shall be— a delicious, dainty pink— so pale that one must look again to make sure it is pink at all, and there will be drooping over my shoulders a fluffy pink plume. Think of it! If there is money left over I shall buy one pink rose to tuck in my faded lapel." The girl laughed.

Mrs. May laughed with her daughter; then a flush stole over her wrinkled



"MAY I WALK WITH YOU DOWN THE HILL?" HE ASKED.

cheek. "Spencer Clark returns to spend Easter week in the old home he left so long ago," she said. "You remember him, Peggy—the handsome youth whom every one tried to spoil?"

Peggy's lip curled scornfully. "The imperious boy, rather, who mocked at my print pinafores. Yes, I remember him vaguely, and this foolish town has gone wild with anticipation because he now deigns to favor us with a visit. He has accumulated more wealth, they say, is an authority upon all 'ologies' and 'isms,' and will, of course, be correspondingly remote—and conceited. But what have we to do with him? The hill people will dine and fete their old neighbor no doubt, but you and I of the 'common' may only look up, as we did long ago, to see the lights in their houses."

"Things change as one grows older," Mrs. May remarked impatiently. "Lillian Claire herself is not half so pretty as you, and when Spencer Clark sees you, Peggy, smiling beneath the brim of your pink Easter hat—well, I'm sure he will think so too."

Peggy jumped to her feet. "He needn't!" she retorted. Then she turned to smile into the wistful face beneath her own. "Poor matchmaking mother!" she added whimsically. "She would marry her beggar maid unto a lord."

When Peggy sought the millinery parlors the second time, with the purpose of trying on the new hat, her cheeks glowed in subdued excitement

# WENT YOU BE OUR EASTER BUNNY?



it was an interesting experience waiting in the silk draped rooms.

And as Peggy lingered in the silk draped rooms Miss Claire passed in her velvet and fur, bestowing a cold nod of greeting.

"Madame," she called to the milliner, "will you bring my hat at once? I have no time to wait."

Madame hurried forward. "So sorry, Miss Claire," she began in humble apology. "We have been completely overrun with work, and the hat is not ready."

Miss Claire raised supercilious eyebrows. "If you cannot say positively that the hat will be finished by Sunday I shall countermand my order," she said.

In distracted manner madame mentioned to a frail little creature, whose bright red hair framed a wan face. "Miss Tait," she ordered, "see that Smith has Miss Claire's hat finished ready to send out Saturday night."

The girl's face hardened. "Smith can't do it," she answered tonelessly—"not if she keeps on working after 12 o'clock every night till Easter."

Madame stared angrily at her subordinate. "Then," she said sharply, "you must take the hat home and do it yourself after hours. We close late Saturday night, Miss Claire. Would it be satisfactory to have the hat delivered 'special' Sunday morning?" The valued customer bowed.

"Before 9 o'clock," she insisted. "I shall depend upon you." Briskly madame turned away, while Peggy, with cheeks burning deeper than the pinkest plume, laid a detaining hand on the young clerk's arm. Apprehensively the girl wheeled about.

"Your hat is not ready, Miss May," she sighed, "but you will have it by Sunday."

"I—I don't want it for Sunday," Peggy burst out. "That is what I wished to tell you. Miss Claire's hat may be trimmed in my time here before you leave the store. You understand?"

For a moment the girl's eyes met hers, oddly shining. "Yes, I think I understand," she replied. Then with a little shaky laugh Peggy took the old hat up again. "I will have to do something to this," she explained. "It is necessary to remove the soiled plume." Still with that softened look upon her face, the red haired girl held out a bunch of realistic violets, fastening them with deft fingers against the gray felt brim.

It was with an apologetic feeling akin to madame's that Peggy approached her tiny home. Mother would be desperately disappointed.

"Not ready?" she cried in dismay as Peggy opened the door. The girl slowly removed her newly decorated millinery, gazing at it in open disapproval; then with a sudden gasp

smile Peggy cast the hat from her. "Let us hope it may rain on Sunday," she said.

But there was no rain. Indeed, the spring month seemed to have borrowed a day from the coming summer, and Peggy stood on the porch steps and sighed. "That provoking old sun is bound to reveal all my shabbiness," she told her mother, and her eyes widened at the unvarnished appearance of a special messenger.

"The box cannot be for me," she reiterated, but the boy repeated the address. "Miss Peggy May, 12 Poplar street," he read convincingly. And in a bed of green tissue rested a bunch of fragrant violets, matching exactly the false ones of her hat. With trembling joyous fingers Peggy pinned them close against the apex of her faded coat. "Oh, who could have done such a lovely thing?" she cried.

Her heart was atune with the morning as she walked down the town church aisle, and when she had seated herself Peggy's eager eyes sought out the face of Lillian Claire. Yes, the Easter hat in all its glory rested upon Lillian's blond head, but no weary, white faced girl had passed the night hours in its trimming. Peggy breathed a sigh of content while the softened light of a colored window fell upon the upturned face beneath the knot of violets.

A broad shouldered man in a long neglected family pew thought it the very sweetest face that he had ever seen, but Peggy, meeting the steadfast gaze of earnest brown eyes, failed to find therein resemblance to a certain pair of merry eyes which had mocked at her print pinafores. After service she lingered a moment, looking back like some small pariah at the "hill" young people assembled about the returned celebrity. But her fleeting resentment vanished as she came out again into the sunshine. Up from the common came the sounds and scents of spring, and as Peggy hurried on a quick step sounded behind her.

"Pardon," called a man's pleasant voice; "have you forgotten an old play-fellow, oh, Miss Peggy May?"

Gravely Peggy extended her hand. "I should have forgotten," she answered frankly, "had we not heard so much of your coming. I wonder, Mr. Clark, that you remember my name."

The man laughed. "I will be as honest as you," he replied. "I might have forgotten the name had I not heard it repeated a few days ago in a millinery store." Impulsively he touched the violets on her breast. "I sent you these," he said abruptly, "hoping you would pardon the liberty of an old friend."

"I am afraid," answered Peggy slowly, "that I do not understand."

## On Easter Day A Day of Spiritual Joy

By EARL MARBLE.

"Peace on earth,  
Good will toward men."  
In sweet love's death  
Nor voice nor pen  
E'er grand words spoke  
Of greater scope  
To stumbling folk  
Who darkly grope.

Down, brightest morn of all the year,  
And bring Christ's spirit with thee here,  
That all may sing in loud acclaim,  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"  
Come hither thou whose day is this  
The while men read of heavenly bliss.  
Given them by thee with promise fair  
When they shall climb death's golden stair.

Throughout the week  
Oh holy thought,  
When minds all meek  
With good were fraught,  
The gods have trod  
In upward ways  
The while toward God  
Each bent his gaze.  
Thy spirit, Christ,  
Pour forth o'er all,  
That each soul prised  
Since mankind's fall  
May drink his wine  
And 'scape earth's prison  
In the Easter sign  
That "He Is Risen."

"May I walk with you down the hill?" he asked with becoming humility, and side by side they fell into step. "I have been wanting to know you," he went on, "ever since that day in the millinery store. Yours was a kind and considerate, a most unusual deed. Seated screened behind the palms I could not help hearing all that passed. You may know that my profession of writing certain doll articles carries me into many curious places on errands of investigation, a millinery parlor at noonday perhaps or a sweatshop at night. And still the problems which vex us remain forever unsolved." The young man stood still in the road looking seriously, tenderly, into the girl's wondering face. "And I should not be surprised," he said gently, "if you, little Peggy May, were wiser than us all."

But Peggy laughed and shook her head. "Why, I've no views at all," she told him. And when they reached the humble home off the common Peggy bade him goodbye.

"I am glad to have seen you," said Peggy.

The writer of books detained her hand. "I am more anxious to hear," he entreated, "that you would like to see me again."

And this episode happened just one year ago. This year Peggy was not so indulgent concerning her Easter hat.

"You will have it ready?" she admonished the red haired maid, and the man who accompanied her smiled proudly.

"Better explain and make sure," he suggested. So Peggy returned to the counter.

"You understand?" she asked. "It—it is a trousseau hat."

End Ancient Office.

The town's bellman is a functionary who has come down with the history of various ancient communities for hundreds of years, but Stirling (England) town council recently resolved to abolish the office. It was decided to ask that the bell be returned by its present holder, and if he is employed by third parties to make announcements, that he provide a bell for himself.

## Easter Bird Stories

A great deal of bird lore is linked with the stories of the Passion. There is a Danish legend that as Christ was suffering on the cross three birds came and alighted upon it. One cried, "Styrrik ham! Styrrik ham!" (Strengthen him! Strengthen him!), and since that time the stork has been known as a bird of strength and blessing. The second, it was interpreted, cried, "Sval ham! Sval ham!" (Refresh him! Refresh him!), and the swallow was likewise thought to be a bird of blessing. But the third cried, "Puen ham!" (Torment him!), and so from that hour the lapwing has been accursed among birds. The Swedish legend is the same, with the addition of a fourth bird, the turtle dove, which, flying thither, cried, "Kyrie! Kyrie!" (Lord! Lord!), and its voice has ever since been limited to that single word of lament.

An owl, according to the Spanish, was so dazzled by the sunlight it did not perceive that it had alighted upon the cross. But as night came on it saw and, frightened, called "Cruz! Cruz!" (Cross! Cross!) as it flew away. And from that moment the owl has kept repeating this cry and has been able to see only after darkness falls.

The crossbill in an unsuccessful effort to draw out one of the nails which fastened the Saviour to the cross twisted its beak and dyed its plumage with the martyr's blood. Concerning the robin there is a similar tradition, expressed in verse, as follows:

To the Saviour's throbbing head  
She fondly strove. His blood, 'tis said,  
Dyed all her tender bosom red.  
Since then no hand disturbs her nest,  
No prowling beast her young molest—  
That sacred bird of ruddy breast.

Easter Lilies Grown in America.

There is said to be but one small section in the United States where Easter lilies will grow profusely and blossom at Easter time. This is Las Palmas, a few miles below Brownsville, Tex.

## Potted flowers for Easter Gifts

Rhododendrons are being used extensively as Easter gifts. The beauty of the flowers alone would recommend them, but in addition they can be planted out of doors in many places soon after Easter Sunday and become part of the shrubbery. No plants are more gorgeous or effective. Even when not in flower the evergreen plant is attractive. The flowers increase in size and beauty each year. Madame Felix and Pink Pearl are two exquisite varieties. Others are Abraham Lincoln, Delicissima Roseum Elegans and Caractus.

The fuchsias grown in standard shapes are attractive and make stylish Easter gifts. Fuchsias, or lady's ear-drops, are well known plants of easy culture for the home or shady situation in the garden.

Azaleas have become nearly as synonymous with Easter as the lilies for gifts. The hardy varieties are being used more and more at Easter time, as they can be planted out and form a high note of color in the garden after serving their Easter mission. The hindoo type are extremely hardy and produce great masses of very bright, fiery red single flowers, making attractive, showy gifts. Vandercruisen and Professor Walters are popular Easter azaleas and are really among the best and most popular plants sold at this season.

The good die young, but occasionally an old hen shows up on the bill of fare as a spring chicken.

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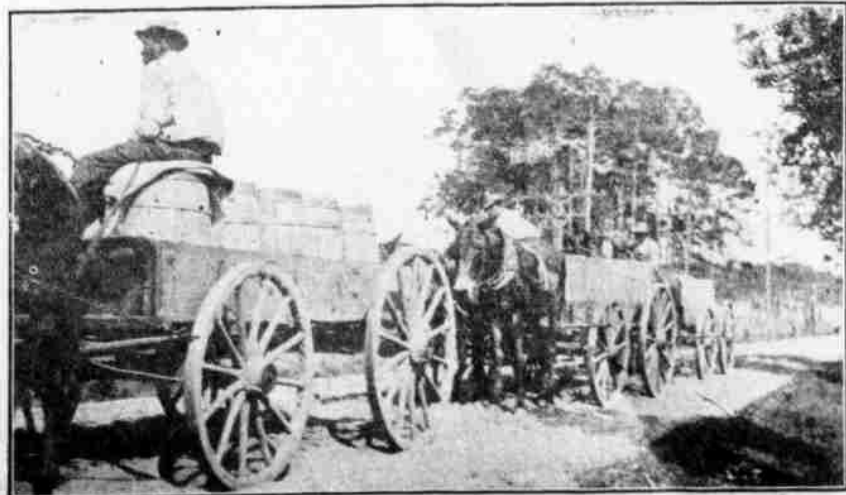
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